

HI WELCOME TO BELLHOP SCHOOL WHERE YOU CAN LEARN ANYTH1!!!NG , WAHOO.  
YEAH!!!! ! 1

LEARN MWDth YEAG SO AWESOME'

FACTION ARES GEAT LARN TO EDUTAIN

MACHINEY WILL TAG YA IF YA LOSE. you lose.

THE FRACTIOND SAY HWO SHE WILL MOVE A LLOT

WHIH IS

=

FUN

DFNSFDNI[FNMSP[DAFMKPSFMLEFMPLSMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

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Ok, I'm not sugarcoating it, I'm making these notes (As of now) to warn people who took shelter here in hell, or at least what i think it's hell. Anyway if your feet aren't connected to the ground or ripped then you might have stumbled onto this schoolhouse!

Beats me why i entered in this first place, when i entered i knew i was doomed but i didn't want to run all of the time, i needed air. I heard footsteps and clanking of machinery, I knew I wasn't alone, and not only that I saw a girl.

The girl had caucasian skin and turquoise hair with a painted on "kawaii" face, her body is all covered in Gears coming out and moving and rustling, she moves very slow, i could swore she moved her "eye", she wore a sweater and a skirt with some boots, her other eye is blackened and out of place looks real, her arm is burnt while her normal one is unusable, she also wears a hat .

Ps. a tophat

I don't know what it is but i hope she doesnt notice me



Recreation. Small but it's still what she looks like.

OK SHE FREAKING MOVED, usually she's immobile but she saw me and sprang like a wild cheetah, except it's not a cheetah but something else.

Anyways now she's hunting me down, i'm not eating here though, i don't trust the food here. Obviously cafeteria food is slop, this is mockery slop.

I also saw a huge screen and a sign on a wall

The screen shows fractions and crap, i don't understand why.

Speaking of the sign it reads

**100% im so sorry**

**90% hide**

**80% feel**

**70% think**

**60% see**

**50% ???**

**40% vibrations**

**30% hear**

**20% smell**

**10% mobile**

**0% nothing**

Ok, i figured out what they are supposed to mean, really unclear though, but the fractions on screen shows how active she will be, the screen says  $\frac{1}{4}$ , which is 25%, she will move faster and smell things that are out of the ordinary, though i don't think she notices anything off aside from noticing bumps... huh...

Hiding in random places, mostly dark brick classes, there's only a few supplies there but a clockwork girl doesn't fit the weapons, well at least she isn't cutting and eating intestines like a murderer, things **WILL** fall apart at the moment, outside the school looks like a stock image of a fake school pleated with a bell, inside is large as hell. Though the screen sais 47/100 so i gotta hide. The principal's office, it looks plain.

Oh look an old clock, i hope it doesnt ring.

The clocks are crying.

I ALMOST DIED, CRAP, I DIDNT REALIZE  $\frac{3}{4}$  IS 75%, ITS RUNNING,  
ALOT RFIDJOFO HELPD=MC9OI  
OEO]DCXNHJ[EWf[COIDEJ'FOH[CSAK;DCWSFE3RQEWAWD

Anyways, her fake painted on eye moved as if it was animated, i also noticed that there's a student record. I never liked schools but the worst thing i did was turning women into objects (yes i did that, looney tunes-style) then got burned alive by said objects to a suicide pact.

I can't use objects here, they hurt me. It hurts to step on every floor, i can't whine i'm in HELL, WHY AM I IN A SCHOOL??? WAS IT PLANNED TO ENTER HERE??? HEY I CANT SEE THE DEVIL AGAIN (hes orange gross), SIMPLISTIC BODY, ORANGE, BLUE TORSO, EVERYTHING. NOT ONLY THAT BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO MATCH MY TRANSGRESSIONS WITH SOME CYBORG CHILD WITH A HAT AND A EYE-INFECTION I CAN'T. IEW DISH REALLY CAN'T.

Do not complain. You are acting like a child

Im sorry, i really am.

Deserved this. Stop reading these, they won't help you.



*Alright, while walking down the corridor i notice the numbers are changing at fast pace*

*89/100, hid*

*27/50. HID again*

*3/25, no action, mostly walking, no reaction*

*9/20, throwing in all directions, she can't hear my steps when I throw something behind her.*

*100/1, n o action (lasted for a few seconds)*

**Im tired of doing these i cant calculate like this forever, COLD CALUCTATING WE ARE AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.**

**I KNEW HOW TO DO TEHSE IN MIDDLE SCHOOL, I DID CHEAT, I'M JUST GUESSING AT THIS POINT, ALWAYS DID. HEY DON'T READ HSE, LEEEEEVEEVVEVAEBS, ITS MY HELL,I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANTED TO WA SGOD IN HEAVEN I IDADISAD,Axopa\-[jdsoa=x-p]ff**

God doesnt turn women into couches.  
Who's making these, please i want to be alone, go away please.

*While walking beneath the crushed I saw a mural, mostly one student, all other ones were fragmented as if it was some ghost sighting, the student looked similar to that gear girl or whatever, she looked uncomfortable and discontent, like she knows something is about to happen.*

*Another mural is a distorted image of a "eternal wage bot", it's similar to my case but different, the test is gone and the bot looks like it's drowning, faded and melted to darkness, i guess she was a victim of that, wonder how it went all wrong, i wanted to be an artist blacked*

# 19/20

*Wait, i saw this before. Before i could WRITE, the machine girl sprant in incredible speeds, i fell out of luck but she wasn't stupid, she ran and her face moved to a sad frown, screaming "I WANT TO LEAVE, STOP PLACING ME HERE" . HER FACE MOLDS INTO A SOB AS SHE RUSH<sub>ES</sub>*

*AS I ENTER a closet, it's dim, dark and dry*

*She's fisting her hand onto the locked door, she will break it at any moment, I hear clanking again.  
I had an alarm clock in my day, maybe it's subtle... maybe*

*Hiding in here, i do not wish this to be the last, cause it isn't i am eternal, i have my own legacy i wanted, i cannot have what i want, i was born to fetishize, i was born to mutilate women into these sentient flesh objects i once called my own, what did orangey say oh right.*

*"You failed me, you were born from a transformation fetish. Nothing else nothing more, your creator is 32 at the time doing this. Now you will never be remembered"*

*I love humiliation*

*But i don't feel ti*

*I feel worse*

*Not romantically or fetishistically*

*Just scared*

*I don't greet people normally i turn them into toys out of fear*

*I feel this way every moment.*

*This is not fetish or humiliation*

*This is punishment and trepidation*

*She stopped banging, maybe if I open, she will be there to greet me, maybe just maybe. Opening the door, i said hi*